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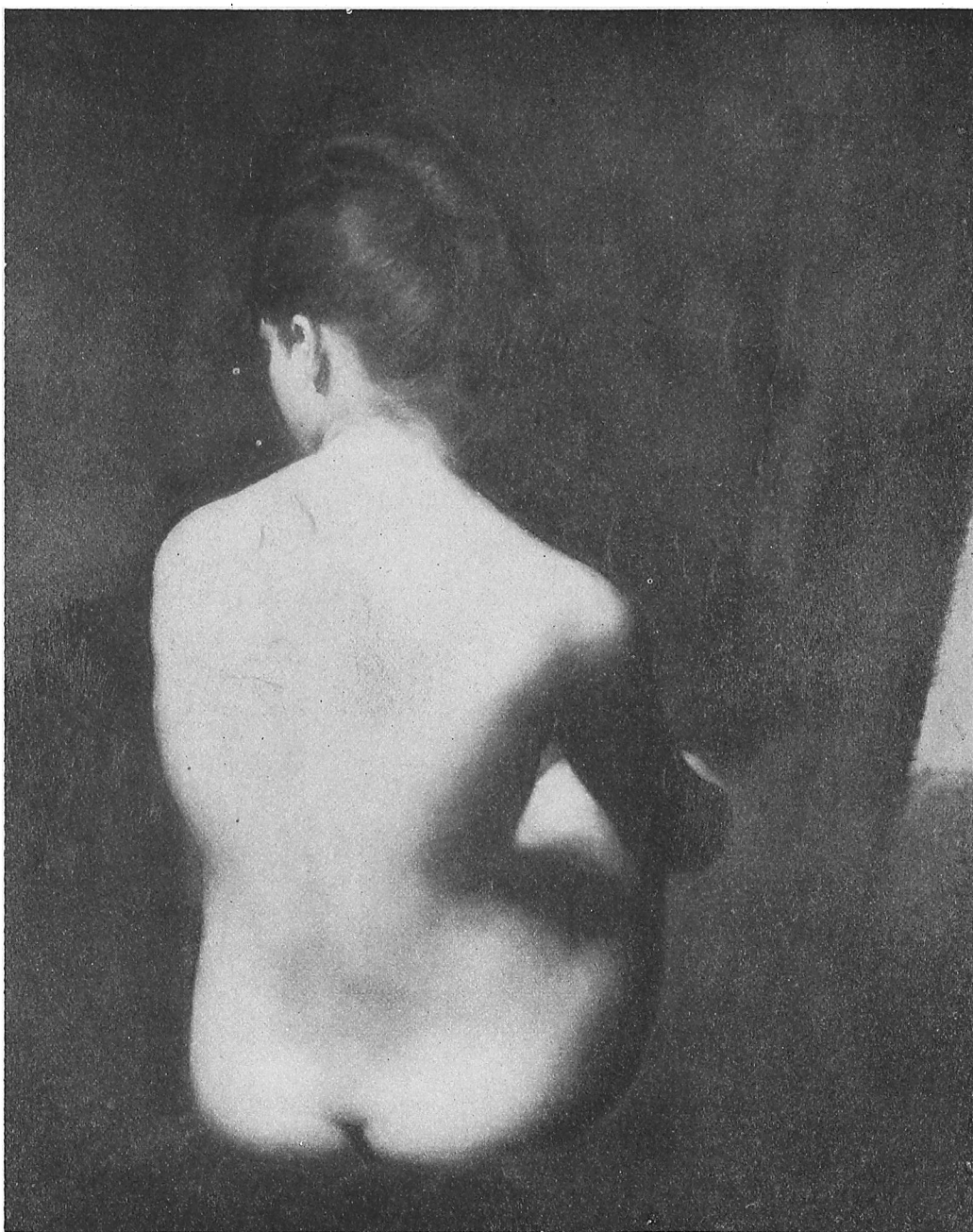
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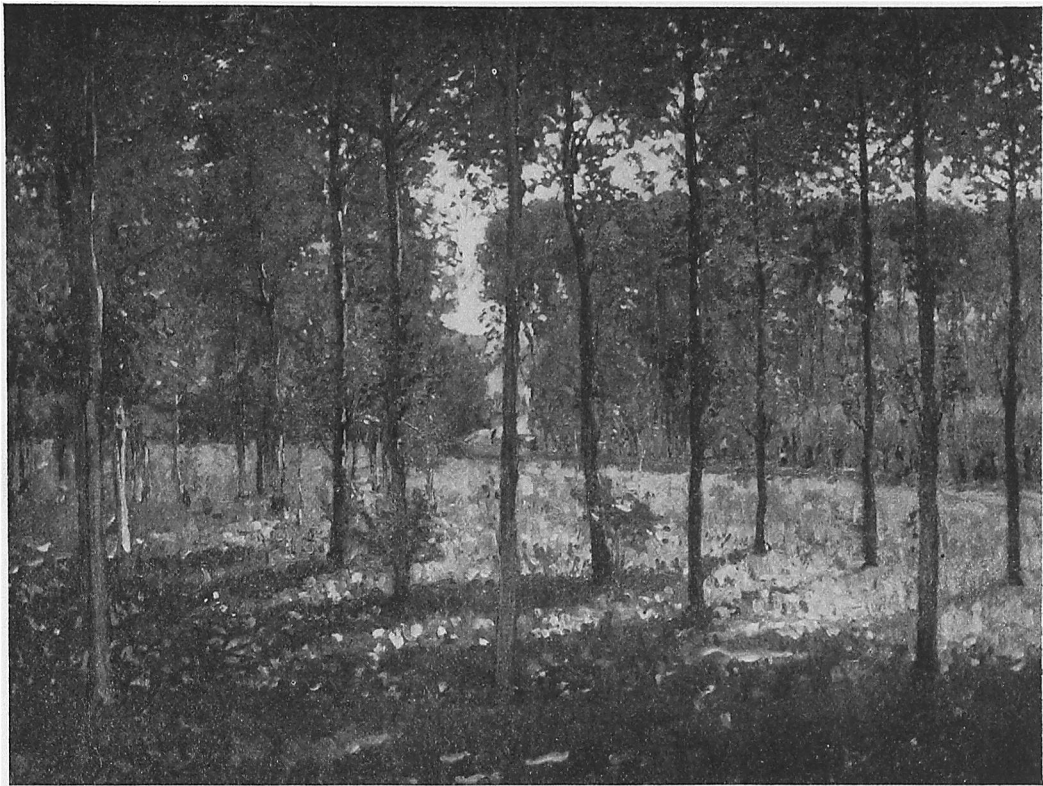
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"LILIA"
By Emile Auguste Carolus-Duran (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.



"PAYSAGE"
By E. Quost (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

Seeing—The Sense of Observation and the Point of View—Temperament and the Contemplation of Nature

By CHARLES LOUIS BORGMEYER

MODERN science has demonstrated that our eyes are more sensitive to many things than those of our fathers. If we take an old picture and place it at the side of a modern one, we will see great development in color and suggested details. There is no reason why this improvement in seeing should not be true, for the artist's eyes should have grown sensitive through centuries of using them scientifically.

Some of our kindergarten games are

played with the idea of cultivating this sense of observation. We all pride ourselves on seeing all there is to be seen, yet a silly game brought me face to face with the fact that I had no idea which way the profile of Liberty faced on a dollar, half-dollar, etc., nor did I know the prevailing color of any of the Great Lakes, nor how many colors I could count from ship's deck to the horizon, nor the color of my best friend's eyes.

Prof. Hugo Munsterberg, in the course

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"LE VIEUX LITHOGRAPHE"
By Emile Auguste Carolus-Duran (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

of a lecture to a Harvard class, staged a mimic holdup in the lecture room, having his actors suddenly rush in, engage in a pretended fight, and as suddenly depart. There were some fifty members of the class, and each was requested to write an accurate description of the occurrence. The result was about fifty different versions. One man had seen an assault committed with a knife, another with a pistol, another with a club, and so on. None of the descriptions of the persons engaged tallied with the facts. Yet each man was willing to swear to what he had seen.

This is natural when it is considered that no two persons have the same sense of color, form or sound. Try your own, for example, and see how easily you are deceived. Close one eye and with the index finger of your right hand point at some small object, say a spot on the wall a few feet distant. Keep the finger pointing, open the eye that was closed and close the one that was opened, and see where you will be pointing. Then, still pointing, open both eyes.

Data have been gathered in Germany with reference to the distance at which persons may be recognized by their faces and figures. If one has good eyes, the Germans claim, one cannot recognize a person whom he has seen but once before at a greater distance than twenty-five meters (eighty-two feet). If the person is well known to one, one may recognize him at from fifty to one hundred meters, and if it is a member of one's family, even at one hundred and fifty meters. The whites of the eyes may be seen at from twenty-seven

to twenty-eight meters, and the eyes themselves at seventy-two to seventy-three meters. The different parts of the body and the slightest movements are distinguishable at ninety-one meters. The limbs show at one hundred and eighty-two meters. At five hundred and forty meters a moving man appears only as an indefinite form, and at seven hundred and twenty meters (2,361 feet) the movements of the body are no longer visible.

Seeing is really a complicated mental process in which the sensitiveness to the presence or absence of light is but a part, and the formation of a picture in the eye only another part. The brain is a factor in



"FEMME AU GANT"

By Emile Auguste Carolus-Duran (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.



"PORTRAITS"

By Emile Auguste Carolus-Duran (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

what we call seeing, quite as important as the eye itself. We know that the real process of seeing is affected not with the retina at the back of the eye, but in the masses of nerve tissue with which the optic nerves are connected, i. e., the brain. The picture in the eye-camera is the beginning; the activity from the eye camera is communicated by these nerves, step by step, to the brain. These pictures are very small; they are eye-ball pictures, two, one in each eye, of which we see but one. What we really see are not these tiny bits but very large things. As a matter of fact, the receptive retina of the eye, receiving the picture, is affected by a recollection of past experiences, a sorting of past sensory impressions. And so unconsciously, a mental picture is formed, re-

lated to, but not identical with the eye-camera picture. In all other senses, the connection between the exciting cause and the effect is relatively simple. We know almost directly that a thing is sour, sweet or bitter; we instantly perceive a pleasant perfume or an obnoxious odor; we hear at once and derive a direct pleasure or are distressed by sound, whether of music or speech; we touch and know there is or is not resistance, but the sense of sight is connected directly with our mental life. A child, a baby, has upon its eye-camera a picture quite as we have, but it does not see; it must learn to see.

In the exercise of this sense of sight, every artist differs. In looking over a collection of pictures, we distinguish the works of the artists of greater from those of less acuteness, and we even distinguish those which convey the perception of an uncon-

conscious from those of a conscious sensation. All the movements of the artist, indeed of all of us, are guided and determined by sensations of touch and sight, and, to some extent, of hearing and sometimes even of smell, of which we are unconscious. A vast amount of our sense—experience—comes to us and is recorded without our having consciousness of anything of the kind going on.

I recall an experience told me by a friend. One day when he was tramping about the country he came upon what seemed to him a very beautiful meadow nook; new mown hay was strewn about, and he sat down to work with the greatest enthusiasm. The next day on looking at his sketch he found it stupid and uninteresting. He went back

to the same spot and what had pleased him the day before failed altogether to arouse his interest. Without understanding the cause of the difference he wandered on a quarter of a mile to be seized by the same feeling of enthusiasm over an equally unattractive scene. Being a man who likes to know the whyfore of things, he thought it out and found that it was the smell of new mown hay that had taken him back to his boyhood days and brought the enjoyment, not the actual scene. Naturally the sketch did not have it, and the wind changing had taken it away from the first nook, giving it to the second. This is one of the things the artist must contend with; in looking at a scene we often are influenced by perfume, by delicious breezes and a hundred other outside influences which the artist must, on a few inches of canvas, suggest to us.

It often happens that through some such trick of memory a picture makes an appeal to a man, while another equally good does not interest him at all, very much as one man feels that he cannot exist without a certain woman, who is his complement, while another man would not go across the street to see her.

In the case of the picture, the artist has given expression to the things that the man knows or feels. For the moment they think alike, their eyes see the same thing, and their brains interpret it in the same way; their intelligence is in a certain stratum; they breathe the same atmosphere; each knows what the other knows, their thoughts are held in common; they possess

the same feeling, and the same desires.

Such a work, be it picture, book, marble, bronze or music, is rendered in a certain pitch, tuned in a certain key. When the key is struck all those tuned in that same key respond, for the vibrations are the same; they understand, they appreciate. Their appreciation, their feeling, their minds, their souls vibrate in sympathy with the artist; they are friends although they may not have heard of each other's existence and may be scattered over the earth. There is nothing so pleasant, so wholesome and so altogether satisfactory as this love for what has been seen by another mind.



"MATERNITÉ"
By Gari Melchers (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"LA VACHE BLANCHE"
By Julien Dupré (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

The artist does not necessarily see more than we do, but he conveys his visions to canvas or marble and makes them suggest to us something of his own artist soul. He sees the same thing we do but with certain modifications, a spirit personal to the artist. It is the reserve that wins our appreciation. A Japanese sees one single lily stalk, swaying in the breeze, and the hazy, luminous gray of the atmosphere in which it is bathed. Just these two things, but by his reserve how much he suggests. A true artist contemplates nature not only with his eyes but with his soul. It is this fusion, between truth and sentiment, from which spring the great works of art. It is this volatile essence in a work, which Zola referred to when he spoke of "Un coin de la nature vu à travers un temperament." The same little corner of nature seen through a hundred different temperaments would

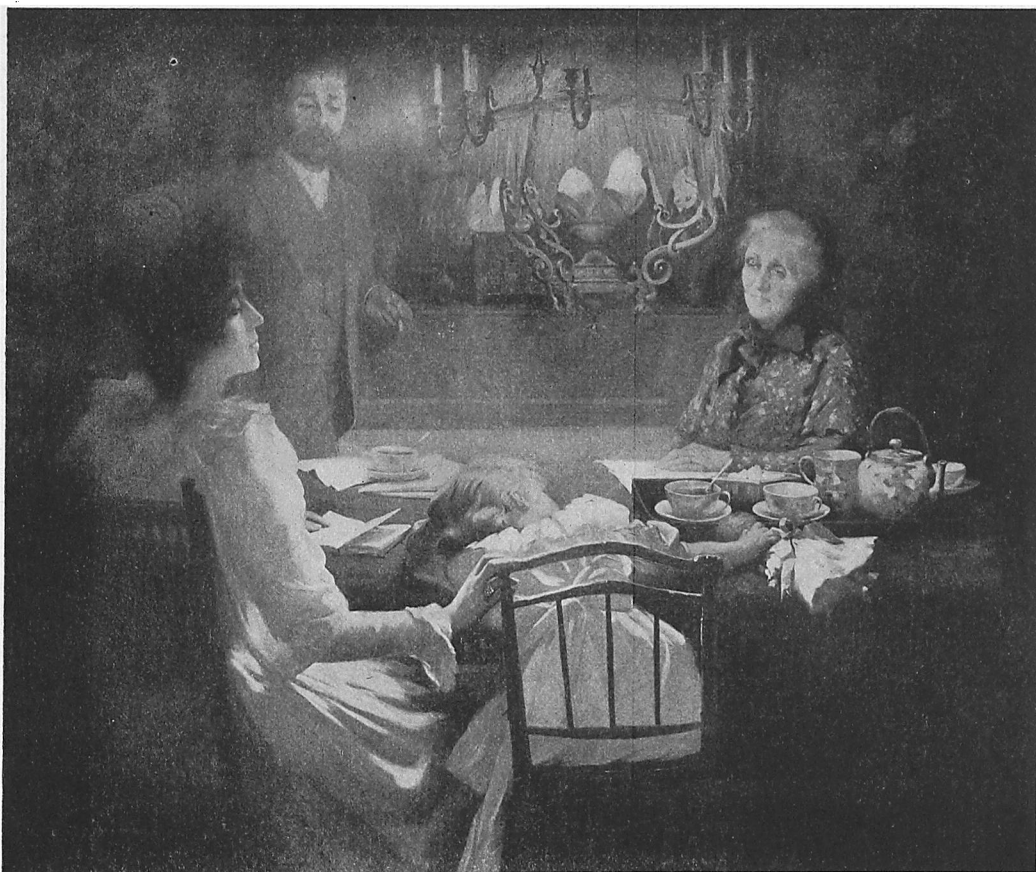
give us a hundred different interpretations. We find this strongly brought out in a comparison of the works of Van Dyke, Velasquez and Rembrandt. The Court Painters gave their own distinction and charm to their sitters, while Rembrandt, painting practically at the same period, in the same country with Van Dyke, turned his men and women from queens to peasants.

To carry this idea of "seeing through a temperament" further, one needs but to think of the innumerable pictures which appear, year after year, all over the world, painted as seen through the temperament of the photographic painter. The mind of the photographic painter is affected by every detail of the surface that he tries to reproduce, generally without sufficient power of selection; he paints what every one sees, while the poet painter's mind is affected by a conception of the expressed details of the

things which lie behind and which he brings out by selection, partly conscious and partly unconscious, of the details involved. The surface becomes almost the symbol of what lies behind. The photographic painter reproduces each tuft of grass and each leaf of the tree, while poet painters, like Corot, give intensity to the sky and the synthesis of ground and trees and water, which imply all the details and bring forth their poetic beauty.

Just as the eyes of the world in general have grown more sensitive in the centuries, so have ours if we have exercised them. The days we first saw the luminous transparency of a shadow, the violet-blue of the mountain in the distance, the cool fresh greens and grays after a downpour of rain,

are red letter days in our seeing calendars. That we cannot all see through the warmth of an artistic temperament is to be regretted just as the fact that we all have not the "joy of life" in our make-up. Some people prefer hearing the opera from the top gallery; they will tell you that up there the human agency is reduced to the smallest importance, and it is only the pure tone that reaches; that you look down into the orchestra pit, and there sit the men, but you have no feeling that they are playing, for you can see no movement, nor without special effort can you see them at all. You hear the music floating through the air with a rarified quality purged of all dross. It has not the same sting to it, the chords do not crash against your ears in fury and fire.



"INTIMITÉ"
By Pierre-André Brouillet (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris.

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES

That is all lost as it rises to where you sit, so that when you hear it there has come to it an ethereal quality; that the music itself has a beauty on high that you cannot get down below. Not a greater beauty, but a complete change of character, lacking the intensity, but with a mellowness and refinement of inexpressible charm. That is the way an enthusiast will talk. He may be floating in the fumes of garlic, but he is floating in a heaven of enjoyment. The discomforts are nothing to him, it is a matter of temperament. You prefer your comfort.

So very much depends on outside influence. If you go to a gallery with a friend you are really looking at pictures through his eyes as well as your own, to say nothing of the eyes that have gone before to make yours what they are. You read that Leonardo de Vinci wrote that a figure was seen at its greatest beauty in the evening at the

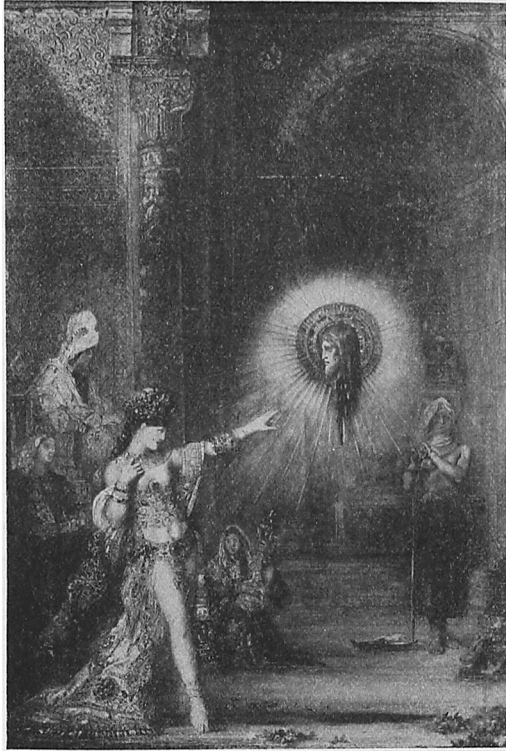
opening of a road, or that Daubigny finished his pictures after sunset, suppressing the details that he had painted during the day. Then you stand before a brilliant sunny picture, full of detail and look at it with de Vinci-Daubigny eyes and wonder how you dare feel that this just suits you. It is simply that on this occasion your own eyes and temperament are busy and in accord with the artist and prefer more light on the subject and less suppression of detail than they advocate in a general rule.

In Italy and France the poorest of the poor have as a heritage the innate love and appreciation of art. The galleries are thronged on Sunday and holidays with the peasants; a boy of ten points out to his younger brothers and sisters what he has seen before and remembered, just as they in their turn will point out to the next in line. In the 15th, 16th, 17th and even the 18th century, when but few could read, the



"CIMETIERE A TETUAN"
By Louis-Auguste Giradot (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"L'APPARITION"

By Gustave Moreau (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

history of religion was taught from the religious paintings in the churches. Within the year I have seen at St. Mark's, Venice, a mother, holding her little girl by the hand, pass from picture to picture, telling the little one the Bible stories, much as she, no doubt, heard them from her own mother. This gives these little children a practical start in the study of art as well as religion.

Just how far we can follow and enjoy the artist's conception depends upon how our sense of enjoyment compares with his. We can at least see intelligently, borrowing from the artist as much of his temperament as we can carry and taking his point of view so far as it is possible for us to put ourselves in his place. To look at our twenty-five pictures will need some lightning changes in temperament and point of view.

CAROLUS-DURAN, EMILE AUGUSTE — "*Le Vieux Lithographe*," "*Portraits*," "*Femme au gant*," "*Lilia*."

In all Duran's work there is a noticeable gracefulness and strength, a certain brilliant superiority, now of delicacy, again of boldness. His flesh tints are singularly beautiful and true and usually each picture is a symphony in color with one or two of the principal tones dominant. His solid, broad and bold work attracts and holds the attention of the visitor. He is principally

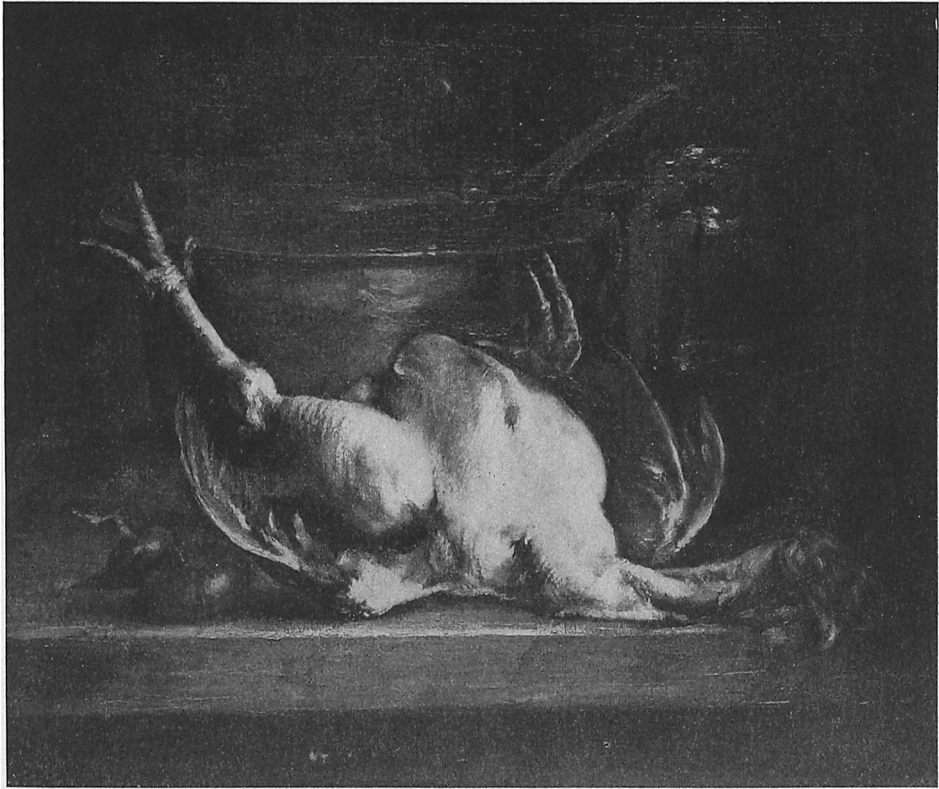


"L'AMOUR ET LA VIE"

By George Frederic Watts (English)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"NATURE MORTE"
By E. Villain (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

a colorist and fascinates by the variety of his palette. His art is an expression of French temperament, with all its ardors and audacities. He has had every advantage of study and travel. Titian, Rubens and Velasquez, Rembrandt and Holbein have all been his masters; he seems not to belong precisely to the school of Rembrandt or Holbein, but perhaps more to that of Rubens.

He has executed a number of decorative works; one is in the Museum of Lille, his native city; one a large ceiling in the Louvre and another in the London National Gallery. He has given instruction to a host of students from all over the world, among them Sargent. He is another Frenchman to whom all honors have been given, while still able to enjoy them. He has long enjoyed a reputation as one of the greatest

fashionable portrait painters of the day, and it is through his portraits that he has made his greatest reputation. No one has clothed women in more wonderful clothes than he; they fairly move and tremble, these wonderful stuffs! One cannot always say the same of the subjects they dress; they come more under the heading of solid and broad.

"*La Dame au gant*" is, perhaps, because of the simplicity of the clothing, the most charming and gracious of any of his portraits that I have seen; but it is without his present day opulence of color and ease in placing his sitters. This is an early picture, as he sent it to the Salon in 1869, and is an example of the transitoriness of modern paintings, as it is already badly seamed with cracks in the dark shadows. This picture is more than a portrait, for it makes

a picture independent from the likeness. The lady stands in profile with the face turned full toward us against a uniform gray background. Her long, full dress is of black satin, with a very little lace at the neck and edging the sash. Her black hair is parted, and she wears a small black hat of velvet and lace, with a white rose in front. She pulls from her left hand a pearl gray glove; the mate lies on the green carpet at her feet. It is the portrait of Mme. Carolus-Duran.

"Portraits" was painted in 1897 and is quite characteristic of his later work.

His sober justness of brush and happy verve have never seemed more alert or more sure, than in his "*Le Vieux Lithographe*." It is direct, admirably felt, very life-like of face, of type, and alluring. The sympathy that one feels was between artist and model, communicates itself to us.

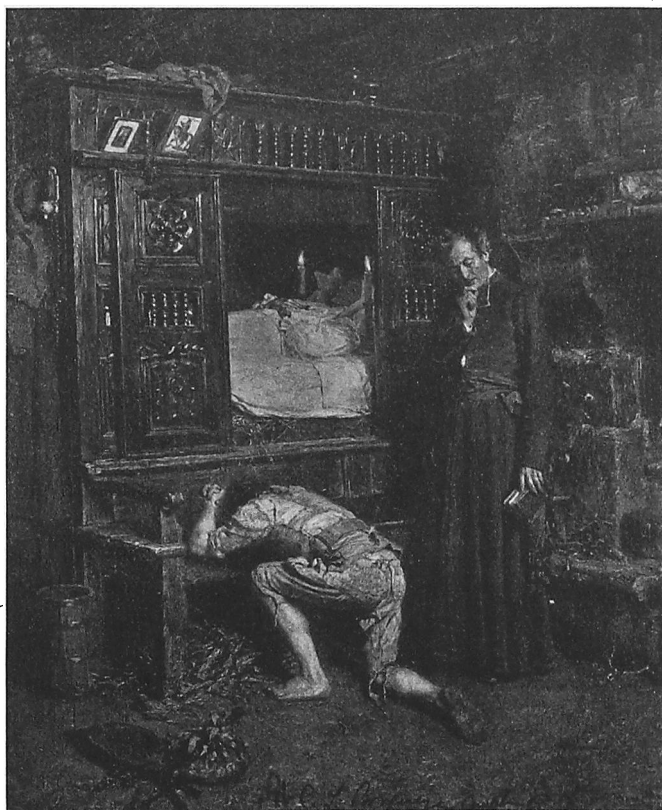
"*Lilia*" and "*Les pomiers*" are the works of his hours of recreation and in these occasional excursions one can see that the painter has greatly enjoyed himself. "*Lilia*" is a young nude woman seated, seen from the back, holding her knees with her hands; her face is turned so far away from us that the profile is lost, the ear and the cheek only showing. Her hair is twisted high above her neck. The light comes from above on the left. The background is a velour curtain pulled to one side, showing a little blue sky and a vague green field. The whole picture lacks freshness; it is dead and leaden but "*Les pommiers*" of which I spoke in the second chapter is a little gem in its way.

MELCHERS, GARI (American)

—"*Maternité*."

Melchers, senior, was a sculptor, German born, living in Detroit. He sent his son to study at Dusseldorf and from there the young man went to Italy and Holland. At the Exposition of 1889 two Grand Medals of Honor were awarded, one to Sargent and the other to Melchers. This "*Maternité*" is lightly decorative in treatment; at times the paint barely covers the canvas; at others he puts it on with a clumsy brush, palette knife or thumb.

He is one of the men whose knowledge of drawing and construction lies underneath all his work, carefully hidden but it is there, and it is only occasionally that we wish that here and there the modeling had been a trifle firmer in accent. The impression is true, living and thoroughly felt. The composition, the drawing, the observation, the distribution of the light, the coloring



"*LE RETOUR*"

By Henry Mosler (American)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"FAUST ET MARGUERITE"
By James Tissot (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

itself, contribute to the happy ensemble.

His first success was in about 1886. It was a picture of Dutch subjects. Since then he has clung to the big round, homely, easily painted people of Holland, not because he cannot paint the more subtle and beautiful things, I am sure, and we cannot criticize anything in his actual work. That we are tired of Dutch subjects is our own fault. Long ago I read a sentence that has stayed in my mind—"The dump of the doleful Dutch." I have not seen any of Mr. Melchers' recent work and he may have entirely forsaken the homely for the beautiful. It may be true that it is easier to paint a beautiful woman and make a bad picture, than to paint an ugly woman and make a beautiful picture, but it surely must be easier to paint an old man with big clumsy features covered with wrinkles than to suggest the soul by less obvious signs.

DUPRÉ, JULIEN (French)—"*La Vache blanche*."

Do not confuse Julien with the great landscape painter, Jules Dupré, who was his uncle and who died at a ripe old age about the time Julien painted "*La Vache blanche*." Julien Dupré's pictures of the human figure and cattle combined show him to be clever at both form and landscape. At first he painted in a mellow and warm tone, with heavy impasto and powerful drawing. Then as he painted more and more out of doors this manner changed to a lighter key and his drawing became more delicate and refined.

"*La Vache blanche*" is the picture of a great white cow being milked by a young girl in a gray robe and blue apron. In the second plane is the farm house which completely cuts off the sky. The pear tree trained against its walls and the vine back of the cow catch the sunlight. The door,

where the woman stands, gives a glimpse of an interior and through a window still further back one sees a garden.

QUOST, E. (French)—"*Paysage*."

Is infinitely better than the landscape by Carlandi for example, simply because it has more local life in it.

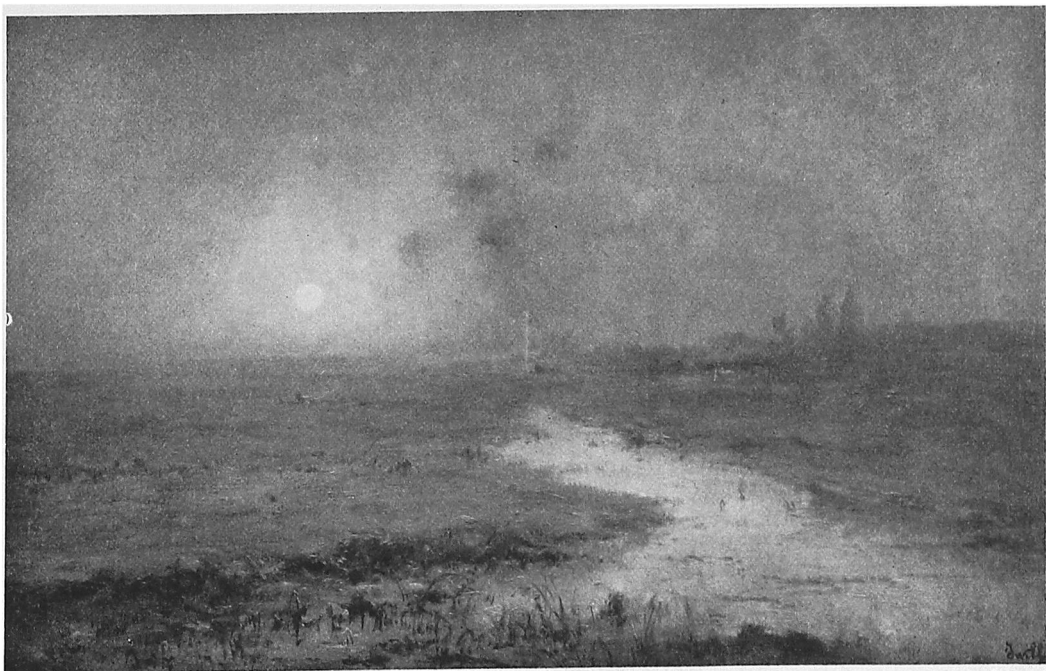
BROUILLET, PIERRE-ANDRE (French)—"*Intimité*."

Around a square table, under the light coming from a red, paper-shaded lamp, sits a family at tea. The whole family, father, mother and grandmother, are looking at the little child fallen asleep with her head on the table. The whole thing seems posed and in consequence is without charm. I find it dull and uninteresting, without art and crowded to suffocation.

MOREAU, GUSTAVE (French)—"*L'apparition*."

Whether Moreau remained under the influence of the Old Masters and was crushed by this influence or whether he succeeded

in shaking himself loose and merely absorbed their great qualities sufficiently to enable him to reproduce them in turn, was, and I believe, is still a point of dispute among critics. In Italy he particularly studied Mantegna and Carpaccio. One can see the effects of this study in his color in many of his early works, but he also studied and assimilated the most diverse schools and men, the Germans, the Dutch, the Italians and even the Persians. From all these sources he formed a wonderful fund to draw from in his illustrations of Bible stories and mythological anecdotes. Moreau created four Cycles; that of Man, the heroic cycle to which belong mostly impressions of mythology and legend such as Oedipus, Jason, The Seas, Heracles, Moses; the Cycle of Woman; Salome dancing before Herod, Daughters of Cestius, and many others where he expressed delight in female beauty; the Cycle of the Lyre or Poet, exalting the gods, the heroes, the poets and the leaders who spread through-



"NUIT GRISE"
By Marie-Joseph Iwill (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"TENDRESSE NOCTURNE"
By Eugène Chigot (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

out the world "Pure Spirit," and the Cycle of Death, which he paints with peculiar lead color and greens.

His work possesses a certain solemnity in its figures, accessories, lighting and color, as well as a wonderful abundance of riches in the setting of the scene. All his faculties, all his skill were employed to express his imaginative thought with an almost absolute indifference to the action of the story. Thus Salome dances in an Indian palace and David meditates in a Persian palace.

His art is neither decorative nor monumental in character and occupies a place apart. His works have never commanded a general appreciation, notwithstanding their many exquisite qualities, for they lack in some of the nobler and more robust qualities. This, and the fact that his subjects are impossible to understand, except by those well up in mythology, may account

for their lack of popular approval. His work, which was at times almost grotesque, was never consciously so, and was never insincere or affected. Indeed, it seems at times as if his work were inspired and that his inspiration supported him, and this may be another reason why they are so difficult to understand, since one must be in sympathy with his work and must comprehend them intuitively else they fail to convey their unique charm and significance. He cannot be classed under any special category. He was a dreamer of strange, brilliant and archaic dreams. From the first he was an object of fierce criticism.

In the Salon of 1866 he exhibited "*Jeune Fille avec Tête d'Orphée*" now in the Luxembourg. This illustrates the legend that after the death of Orpheus at the hands of the Thracian Maenads, his severed head and lyre were wafted to the shores of Lesbos, and there piously interred. A young

girl, clad in richly embroidered draperies of a fashion half classical, half oriental, carries the head of Orpheus, the poet, on his lyre. The landscape, in its strange, unreal beauty, suggests Leonardi de Vinci, whose influence is also revealed in the subtle and pathetic conception of the maiden. The enigmatical charm stimulates the gazer to seek the interpretation of the fascinating riddle. The color reminds one of Delacroix.

"*L'apparition*" is a great water-color that one can call a *chef d'oeuvre*. It is in the original first manner of the painter and was painted about twelve years after "*Orphée*" and had a singular success.

Gustave Moreau was a strange character. It is said that collectors who bought his work were asked to keep them from the public eye. After many personal sorrows he secluded himself in his studio and did not leave its solitude until toward the end of his life, when he was made a professor at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts where it is said



"CHANT PASSIONNÉ"

By Alfred Stevens (Belgian)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"LA RENTRÉE DU BAL"

By Alfred Stevens (Belgian)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

he worried them all by his wide taste in art while he pointed the pupils back to the primitives.

GIRADOT, LOUIS-AUGUSTE (French)—"*Cimetière à Tetuan*."

Has an over-supply of rose-pink color which gives it a banal look.

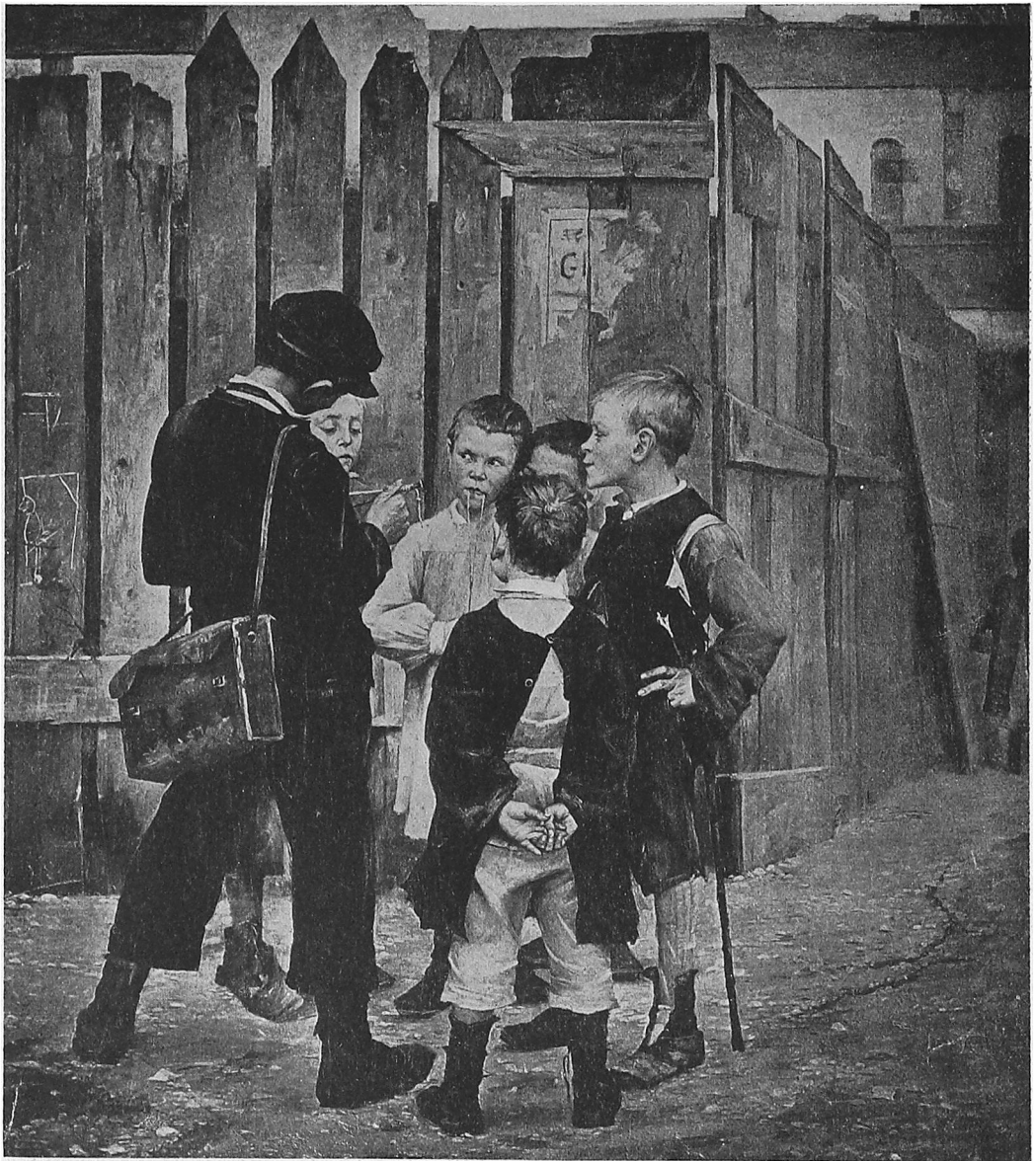
VILLAIN, E. (French)—"*Nature Morte*."

There are two still lifes by Villain, one of old cheese, fruit, jug and glass. It is beautiful in color, finely presented, although the background is a little too dark. The other is a turkey on a rough table, onions, etc.

MOSLER, HENRY (American)—"*Le Retour*."

In speaking of this picture recently, Mr. Mosler said: "The picture that brought me

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"LE MEETING"
By Mlle. Marie Baskirtseff (Russian)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

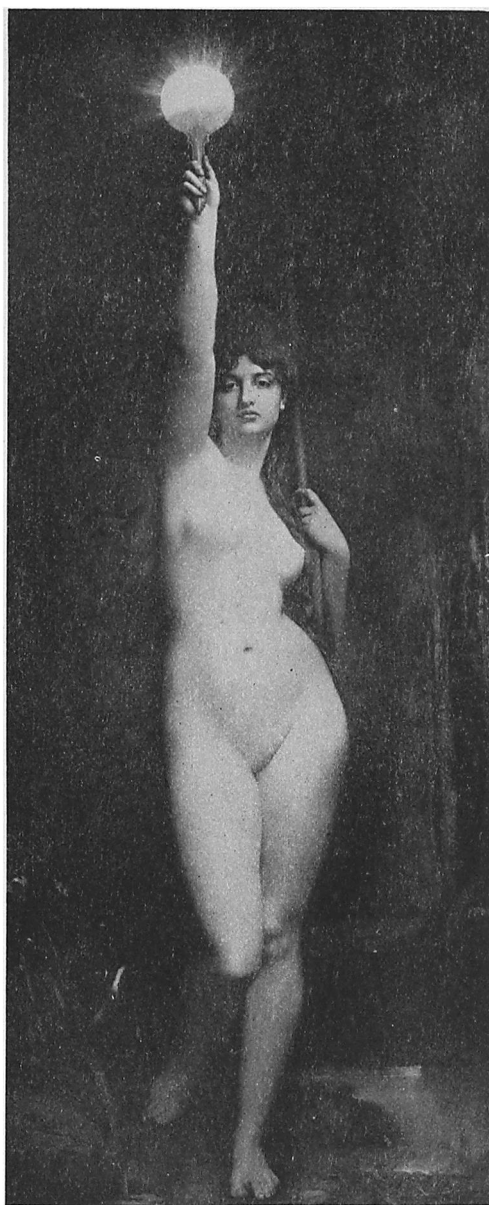
fame was *The Prodigal's Return*. This was painted during my residence in Paris and sent to the Salon in 1879. On varnishing day, when none but exhibitors and high Government officials may enter this art sanctuary, I was an early arrival, most anxious to see the position given to my picture.

"For hours I searched the skied paintings, vainly seeking *Le Retour*. Then, thoroughly disheartened, passed through the Hall of Honor. Noticing a crowd grouped around one of the canvases, I went forward to see what was interesting them. You can readily imagine the bewildering surprise and joy that I felt in seeing that it was *Le Retour* which was receiving this honor. It was bought by the French Government for the Luxembourg Gallery, an honor that had never before been bestowed upon an American."

The closet-like bed, the walls, the floor, the wooden seat, all show Mr. Mosler's intimate knowledge of peasant life in Brittany. The dead face of the mother with lighted candles at each side, the suffering prodigal with feet bare made callous by the long journey, tell the story of "*Too Late*." The priest, with pity in every line, gives the touch of religion inseparable from the thought of Brittany, where Catholicism still has the strong hold that it has lost in many other parts of France. Mr. Mosler does not allow his imagination to transpose persons who come under his observation into other walks of life; his peasants are peasants, not Paris models. He would not introduce a Persian rug for the sake of the color, if a Persian rug were an anachronism.

TANZI, LÉON (French)—"*Le Soir*."

On a summer evening in 1890, just at sunset, Tanzi surprised, captured and brought before us a little hidden corner of the woods. He is at home in the season of heat, when the green is no longer as bright as in the earlier spring, and when there is



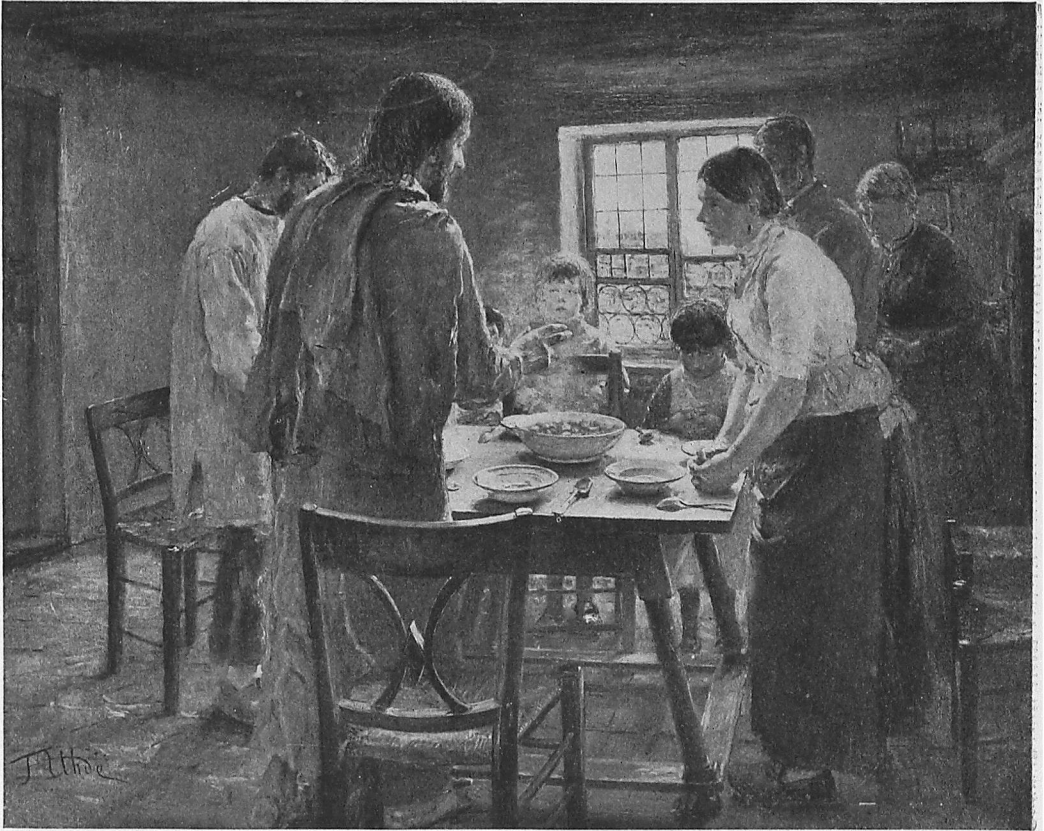
"LA VERITÉ"

By Jules Lefebvre (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

a welcome held out by shaded paths. That there is nothing that carries us by force in this picture is because there is no quality of color in it. It is beautiful in values; is fine in drawing and design. Tanzi was a pupil of Lefebvre, Benjamin-Constant and Bouguereau.

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"LE CHRIST CHEZ LES PAYSANS".
By F. Uhde (German)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

CASSATT, MARY (American)—"*Mère et enfant*."

A remarkable woman of genius who paints a woman's vision of motherhood and children. She was a pupil of Degas and has carried forward some of his essential characteristics, especially in pastels. This "*Mère et enfant*" is a pastel, drawn with extraordinary fidelity to life. The color is personal, and the modeling subtle, especially the faces.

WATTS, GEORGE-FREDERIC (English) — "*L'amour et la Vie*."

One of the greatest English painters of the last fifty years of imaginative and symbolical subjects. A man of lofty ideals, free from any special school, who, without making concessions to the fashion of the

moment, made for himself a place of enviable distinction in the history of art. He strove sincerely and with much independence for what he believed to be the noblest forms of expression. He was consistent in his aims. The waves of Pre-Raphaelism and all the other waves passed over him leaving him unchanged and unmoved, a student of the dead rather than the living, and, above all, indebted to the Greeks.

In his portraits, he tried to represent things as they are, not as they appeared, and his painting seems to have been half way between sculpture and the painting of others. A Frenchman would put a head in a certain light and shade, and get tones as nearly right as possible, with due attention to touches and expression, trying more for



"SOUVENIRS"
By Charles Chaplin (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

strength and relations and relief, while Watts would put the same head where it had a strong effect of light and shade and get the most beautiful forms, outlines, and edges, so as to obtain the purest contour; then he would model it almost like a sculptor, seeing infinite beauty in the forms and structures of the bones; he would be literally true in his delineation of all the natural formations, and he would care less for massive or general effect than for small and refined beauty.

"*L'amour et la Vie*" is typical of his symbolical subjects. In a landscape on the Heights, Love, in the form of a young man with flamboyant red wings is aiding a young, trembling girl to pass over the sharp rocks of life over which he, Love, has strewn flowers. Watts used symbolism as

an emotional attribute that anyone can easily recognize. This picture at the Luxembourg is a replica of Mr. Watts' *chef d'oeuvre*.

TISSOT, JAMES (French)—"*Faust et Marguerite*."

During the Commune M. Tissot organized a relief hospital in his house and, fearing the consequences, he went to London, staying there so long that the English claim him as theirs. He became influenced by such artists as Sir John Millais. Later in his work in England he found his subjects in modern familiar life and by a happy selection of his types of womanhood he struck the keynote of success. As an etcher by the dry point method, Tissot proved himself quite as dexterous a master as with the



"LA PRINCESSE"
By Jean Veber (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



"FEMME AUX RUBANS ROUGES"
By Anders Zorn (Swedish)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

brush and the proofs of his plates are expensive rarities. He spent ten years in Palestine gathering together 290 water-colors on the Life of Jesus Christ, then followed a series on the Old Testament.

"*Faust et Marguerite*" an old picture, dated 1860, and is painted on wood. It reflects the teaching of a Belge, Henry Leys, who was one of Tissot's masters (master also of Alma Tadema). It is executed with a certain affectation of the style of the art of the period, a certain severe precision of manner and simplicity of method and strongly suggested harmonies. It shows a strange and somber court; in the brick walls are sculptures of the virgin surrounded by saints and in the background a crucifixion. A staircase, at the right, has pillars of red and green wood supporting a canopy. The walls are decorated by paintings or tapestries. A woman descends with a little girl at her side.

In the foreground, at the right, is Faust, dressed in a long blue coat trimmed with ermine, a red hat upon his head. Marguerite has stopped at his side, her eyes lowered. She wears a charming costume of grey, white and pink, and holds her prayerbook in her hand.

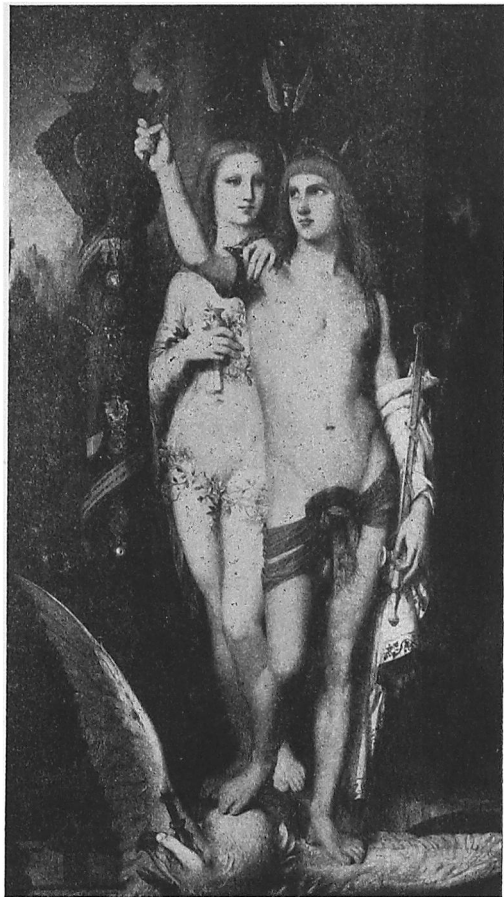
At the left, near a tree, walks a well-to-do citizen, his ample yellowish mantle thrown over his shoulder. His wife and child are with him, but he is the important member of the family. In the background are people in front of the crucifixion. A bourgeois is seated on a bench against the wall of the stairway near a Christ entombed in the brick of the wall.

IWILL, MARIE-JOSEPH (French). — "*Nuit Grise*."

M. Iwill's wonderful skies constitute a great part of the value of his pictures. He does not labor over them; he does not paint his clouds as the great Hollanders did. Hobema, Ruysdael, Cuyp labored while they painted them—their very conscientiousness gave sometimes to their works a

little heaviness. Iwill does not pretend to give to his clouds the well-defined forms which would enable a meteorologist to name them instantly. He is ignorant perhaps of their scientific names. What he tries to do is to give light, depth and the fluidity to the sky which presently will illuminate all the landscape. And this depth, this fluidity he paints marvelously. It is only when he is satisfied with this part of his work, the brush still impregnated in a way with light and air, that he commences to paint the terrestrial spaces. This is why his pictures give us the impression of harmony and unity.

In this "*Nuit Grise*" and the pastel in

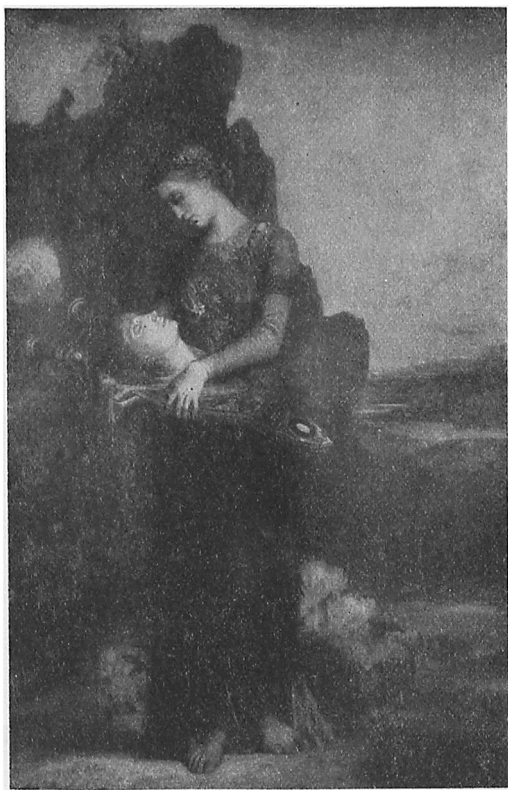


"JASON"

By Gustave Moreau (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

THE LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM AND ITS TREASURES



"JEUNE FILLE AVEC TÊTE D'ORPHÉE"

By Gustave Moreau (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

another room by M. Iwill, you cannot fail but feel that skies play an important part in a picture. It is interesting to go through a gallery looking at skies only. It rather opens one's eyes to the thousand ways they may be seen. Personally I see them as Iwill sees them.

CHIGOT, EUGENE (French) — "*Tendresse Nocturne*."

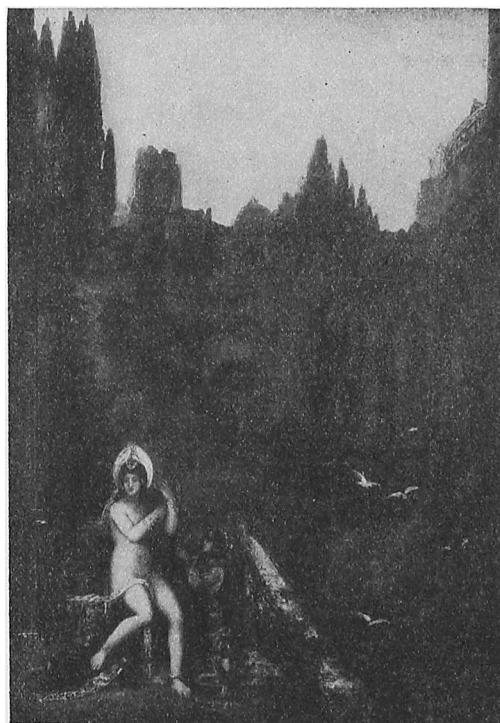
Has a fruity, wine color. As a colorist his work is of fine quality. His iridescent effect of the reflections of various objects seen in the water attest to the study he has given nature. He knows and loves the sea. There is a pleasing picturesqueness about this canvas, with its boats in the distance and it is imbued with a true note of nature and humanity, simply, but broadly treated—perhaps a little tight, a little heavy, but good.

LEFEBVRE, JULES (French)—"*La Vérité*."

In this figure, which represents truth as a beautiful nude woman at the bottom of her well, holding up her mirror, which blazes with the reflection of its own light like an electric flame, M. Lefebvre showed his love for the classical and allegorical. As a painter of the nude he approached close to the Greek idea and makes of woman a glorious triumph of form and color as remote from mere fleshliness as a classical statue. His figures are held up to students as models, not only of superficial execution, but of organic accuracy. His drawing and modeling are most scrupulously correct.

ZORN, ANDERS (Sweden)—"*Un pêcheur*."

Quick, marvelously quick, in observation, sure in his touch. It is certain if he has not seen the exact scene he paints, he at least knows the locality, and has only added some imaginary episode. His manner is rude but the freshness of touch glows, the hastiness as well as the execution gives us the feeling



"BETHSABÉE"

By Gustave Moreau (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris



*"PORTRAIT DE MME. X (Mme. de Calonne)
By Louis Gustave Ricard (French)*

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

of a robust painter, as sure of his line as of his color, when he bothers to insist.

At Venice I saw a roomful of his studies of nude women either in or near a woodland stream with the rocks, water and foliage suffused in warm sunshine. Here it was actual nature, out-of-doors, not a copy carefully and painfully made. "*Un pêcheur*" was painted in 1888 at Saint Ives and represents an old fisherman and a young girl leaning on a wall, with their backs turned toward us, looking over the water to the village in the distance. Twilight is coming and a rosy moon throws its light on the scene. The brush work is substantial, at the same time fluid. It has body and substance and charm of expression, but it is not a typical Zorn subject. "*Femme Aux Rubans Rouges*," illustrated in this chapter, is more representative of his style.

STEVENS, ALFRED (Belgian)—"*La rentrée du bal*," "*Chant passionné*."

Way back in 1861 a French critic wrote the following: "M. Stevens does not search among Greek courtesans nor marquises. He keeps to our time and he paints familiar life, choosing a refined world, with couquetish interiors, elegant toilets, beautiful silks and vases of flowers. He gives to his young women easy manners, capricious and charming, etc. The little scenes, composed of nothing, with a bouquet, a letter, a confidence, a tear or a smile, are always spiritual and in delicate taste."

Thirty years after that, in "*La rentrée du bal*" he reflected the period, in the dress, a variable masterpiece of the dressmaker's art, and in the room itself. We owe much and generations to follow will owe more to these records of daily life in the times in which he lived, for they will hereafter afford the same pleasure as those masterpieces of former centuries afford to us in historical interest, and the historical interest of those older pictures is as valuable to us as their artistic value. It is not too much to look for a similar value for the work of this master.

In "*La rentrée du bal*" a woman is seated in the dim radiance of the lamp, which soften the colors of the handsome dress she wears. Her clear-cut profile is delicately defined against the chair. The rich material of the broad skirt, charming bodice and the exquisite laces and draperies are painted with a very sensitive brush. No gown could be more flexible in its appearance; no woman more at ease. Her position in life and her distinction are admirably suggested not only by her dress, but by the ease of her manner.

In "*Chant Passionné*" the woman singing, in contrast with the note of reflection in the picture just described, is intense with purpose, active, alive. The lithe figure admirably fills its beautiful wrappings of lively, sheeny silk, exquisite in color, soft in texture and graceful in its flexible drapery. The way in which the sleeve follows the curve of the round firm arm is a joy. The drawing room itself speaks of luxury. The piano with its shawl drapery and vase and jewel box decoration place the period. As the lace rests against the white skin of her throat it is in relief almost without contrast of color.

Mr. Stevens was one of, if not the most, remarkable painter of textures of the Nineteenth Century, and until quite late in life the clothes, draperies, bric-a-brac, sheen of mirrors, lacquers and enamels and lovely women, dominated his pictures rather than the human quality of his sitters.

BASKIRTSEFF, Mlle. MARIE (Russian)—"*Le Meeting*."

Was a remarkable young girl, who is better known through a diary that she wrote when about fifteen than through her paintings. This journal was a human document, if there ever was one, a revelation of a virginal soul, that caused a sensation on its publication almost equal to "*The Quick or the Dead*" by a young American girl. That so young a girl could have painted a picture such as "*Le Meeting*" is extraordinary in

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itself, almost unique in the history of painting.

In a corner formed by a fence of gray planks stand six boys, the largest, who has just come from school, and has his books still upon his back, seems to be talking to the others. A little girl in the background has a basket on her arm and walks off like some Little Red Ridinghood. The sky is nearly hidden by the walls and the red roof of a church. Marie Baskirtseff was a pupil of Bastien-Lepage and died when about eighteen.

RICARD LOUIS GUSTAVE (French) — "*Portrait de Mme. Calonne.*"

Ricard had the usual trouble in following his inclination. His father put him at metal work in his small shop near the old bridge at Marseilles, and he studied designing at the schools. At seventeen, he obtained a prize for modeling from life. After that he was allowed to go to Paris to enter a school. Then for ten years he haunted the Louvre, almost living there in his study of the masters, whom he analyzed with respect and admiration to say nothing of envy. He copied them, of course, especially the portraits of Van Dyke, Titian, Rembrandt, Correggio and Leonardo da Vinci. He became friends with Ziem. Later on he and Hébert were together. He travelled in Holland and England, but finally settled in Paris.

This portrait of "*Mme. Calonne*" was painted sixty years ago and is a bust with the face turned full toward us, a low cut square corsage, slightly trimmed with lace. She has black hair, parted and naturally waved, held by a black ribbon very much as our young girls wear it now. Great black open eyes look at us from their troubled depths. A grey background. This strange and fascinating portrait brings to mind Leonardo. There is another portrait of Mme. Calonne at the Louvre with the same head and face as this one at the Luxembourg.

VEBER, JEAN (French) — "*La Princesse.*"

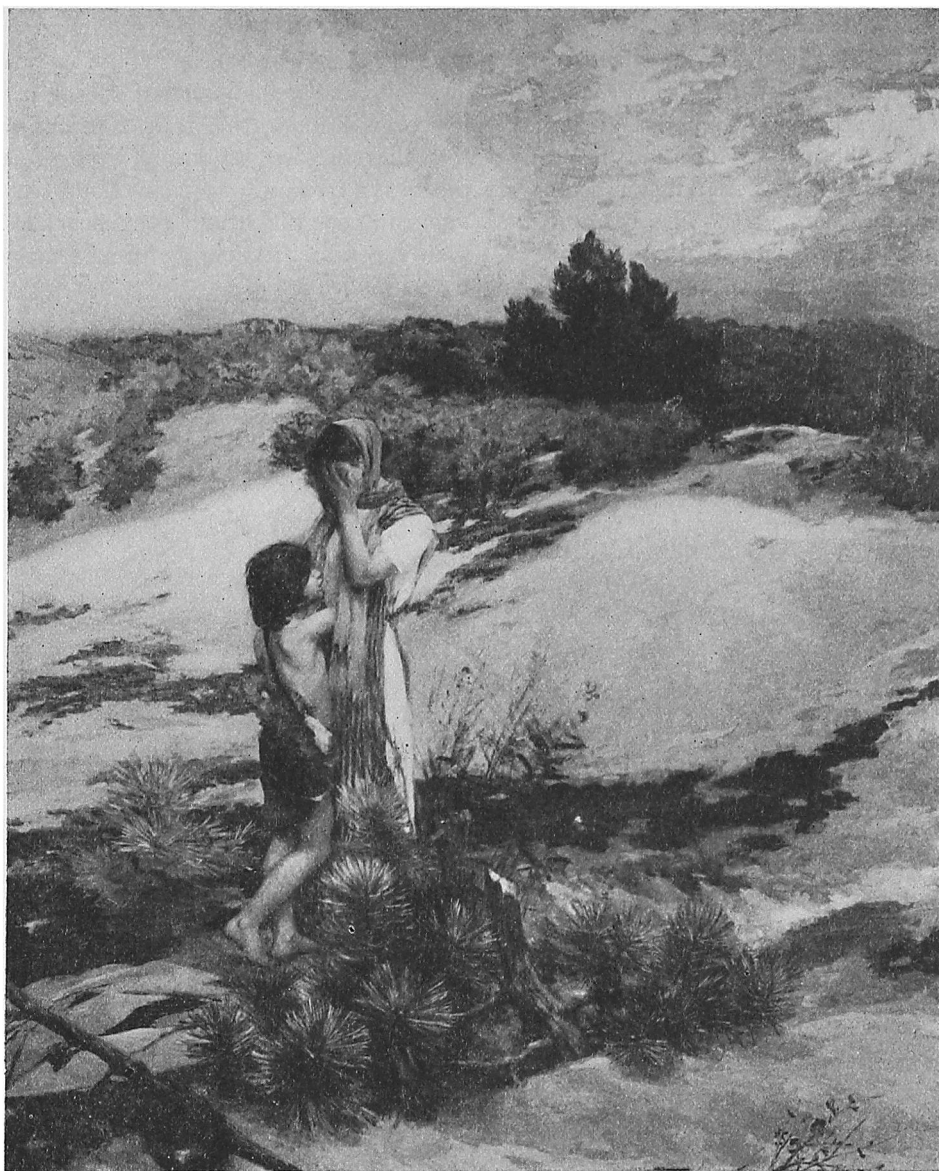
M. Veber is perhaps best known as caricaturist and a humorist with the pencil, but as a colorist he has a very delicate vision and at times a very charming and delightful fancy. He is a painter of great refinement and is unlike many caricaturists in that he delights in painting humorous pictures, without falling into the coarseness which often accompanies such efforts. "*La Princesse*" is one of his happiest moods. The intelligence of the man is the trait that strikes one first in this alluring work, for it is alluring in its mystery. The little princess meets a party of grotesque, strangely absurd and imaginary dwarfs in a forest. The setting sun makes these little people pass before us in the wonderful color harmony of a dream. It is all amusing, puzzling and fascinating.

CHAPLIN, CHARLES (French) — "*Souvenirs.*"

A youthful, fragilly graceful young woman with floating red hair resting on a dark pillow, languishing, half-closed eyes, smiling mouth a little open, cheeks flushed, her body thrown back to revel in a sun bath. Her chemise of batiste and tulle scarf are transparent. The inimitable color of health in the fresh cheeks, white shoulders and clear brows make this a strong piece of work. His color is attractive and cheerful.

UHDE, F. (German) — "*Le Christ chez les paysans.*"

A visitor has stopped at a house just as a meal is ready; he is asked to join them; they stand around the table with its smoking soup, while he asks the blessing. The serenity of his expression, the sweetness of his mien spread around him a magnetic current which they feel and show, each in his or her own way. We are here in full modernity, for Uhde was one of the first, in later years, to endeavor to resuscitate the legends of early Christianity after the manner of Rembrandt, by the introduction of



"ISMAEL"
By Jean-Charles Cazin (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris

everyday types. He has seized this opportunity to appeal to the decidedly religious feelings of the country folk of his native land.

The religious faith, the constraint in their movements, together with the homelike appearance of the hut, are almost photographic in their feeling. He has not invented anything, but you can feel the emo-

tion he felt while painting this picture, a success in its way. This is a smaller version of a picture in the Gallery at Berlin. There are some small changes.

Fritz Von Uhde is known principally by his Scriptural scenes in which Bavarian peasants take the place of the ancient Jewish ones. In France he gained a reputation by his successful treatment of the

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difficult problem of lighting whites and grays. This is in the same spirit as the "*Christ with the Little Children*" and others that years ago excited a great deal of attention both in France and Germany. He has painted Christ in the midst of a peasant family of today. There is a desire to surprise us by the originality of his viewpoint. At the time this was painted it was

a surprise to see Christ in traditional robes standing among the blue bloused peasants and the women distinctly of today, but so many have made this same attempt since that the surprise is gone and we see that the Christ is timidly conceived and we feel that the peasants would soon be called to their several duties long before the message would be delivered.



"LA CHAMBRE DE GAMBETTA"
By Jean-Charles Cazin (French)

—Courtesy of The Luxembourg, Paris